The great storm of 1873 was the most violent known in the Northwest for fifty years, as the records kept at Fort Snell-ing showed. It was a violent electrical storm, extending over the whole North-west, so that the telegraph wires west of Chicago refused to work.

It struck Minnesota on the 7th of January, 1873, and raged for three days, the wind blowing a gale, the temperature being about eighteen degrees below zero, and on the prairies the air was filled with snow as line as flour. Through every crevice, keyhole and nail hole the penetrated, puffing into houses team. The number of human lives lost in Minnesota was about seventy.

The morning of January 7, 1873, was beautiful and bright. The air was mild and still, and farmers set out for town and still, and farmers set out for town or went to neighboring farms with their teams. Generally it was thought that a "January thaw" was imminent; but Prof. Humiston, who had a good an-aroid barometer, foretold a storm. The barometer had been falling for twenty-four hours, and never was known to fall

Between twelve and one o'clock a white wall was seen moving up from the northwest upon Worthington. The front of the storm was distinct and almost as clearly outlined as a great sheet. When it struck the town, farmers began to scatter to their homes. A number, how-ever, remained, and were housed-up for three days. Persons visiting in the vil-

in a sod shanty. A party of Worthing-ton men, among whom were Dr. Lang-don and Cornelius Stout, were caught on the road between Worthington and Jackson and also remained snowed up in a sod house. A man north of Worth-ington was caught on the trackless prairie driving an ox team. He un-hitched and unyoked the team, then took hold of one ox by the tail, and by twist-ing it, kept the animal on the trot. The

to return to the house the snow blinded her, and she wandered off on the prairie and perished.

and persisted.

But the one case, among the three fatal ones in Nobles County, which has been the subject of the greatest interest, because of the ghost story connected with it, was that of John Weston, of Seward township. Mr. Weston had been to Gra-ham lakes and was returning with a load of wood when the storm caught him. He drove across his own farm and missed the house. Turned and went in a circle, making the same circle twice, as shown by the tracks of the sled. He then turned north to the vicinity of the place now owned by H. D. Winters, in Graham Lakes township. He abandoned his team, and the oxen, after wandering awhile, turned the yoke and choked to death. Mr. Weston, from this point, evidently concluded to walk with the storm, and made a bee line for Hersey.

Weston coming up the path from the creek. Weston had on the blue soldier overcoat which he usually wore. His hands were tucked up under the cape, and he approached Cosper with his usual smile and usual salutation, saying. 'How goes it?' Cosper said, 'Why, Weston, I thought you were frozen to death?' Weston replied: 'I am, and you will find my body a mile and a half northwest of Hersey?' Saying this he vanished. Mr. Cosper says that even after Weston was gone it took him some time to realize that he had seen a ghost and to "feel queer."

Before this Weston had evidently announced his death to his wife. Mrs. Weston related the incident and it was confirmed by her son. The second night of the storm she was awakened by a knock at the door. She dozed off again, and was aroused by a second rap, when she asked: "What is wanted?" A voice answered: "Did you know that John was frozen to death?" The voice sounded like that of her brother, Mr. Linderman, who lived in the vicinity. The boy heard the voice, and rising up in bed, said: "Mother, did uncle say pa was frozen to death?" Mrs. Weston went to the door, but there was no one there, and no tracks could be found in thesnow. Mr. Linderman had not been there, and its death, and art the rame time not to frighten his wife too much, assumed the voice of his brother-in-law.

Now for the confirmation of Cosper's

story. He told it at once and it was published throughout the country before the winter was over. Search was made for Weston's body but in vain. When spring came, however, and the snow began to melt off, Weston's body was found near a slough where the snow had been deep, a mile and a half northwest of Hersey. We believe Mr. Erickson, who now lives in Worthington, was the first to discover the body.

So much for the great blizzard. There

so much for the great blizzard. There will probably not be another such in our day. It was a rough greeting for the early settlers of Nobles County, but they can all testify that Boreas has been com-paratively mild ever since, except in put-ting the screws on the mercury and bringing it down tight occasionally.— Worthington Advance. on Adres

The Jagans of Terre Del Fuego,

Among the most interesting observa-tions made by Lieutenant Bove in Terre del Fuego, are those on the Jagan tribe, which counts about 3,000 individuals, who inhabit a portion of the southwest of the country. With slight abridgment the country. With slight abtidgment the London Daily News gives the account in Lieutenant Bove's own words:

in Lieutenant Bove's own worus:

The Jagans impress one as a poor race.
In general the men are scarcely more than of medium stature, while the women rarely reach it. The faces of this race are round, large and flat, with high cheek bones, low foreheads and large flat noses, very black and restless eves, wide apart. very black and restless eyes, wide apart, large, timid lips, and strong jaws fur-nished with beautiful teeth. The head scatter to their homes. A number, however, remained, and were housed-up for three days. Persons visiting in the village, only a few squares from home, in some instances remained until the storm abuted, not daring to venture out upon the streets.

J. H. Maxwell drove four miles against the storm and then took refuge with a neighboring farmer, not being able to reach home. The Rev. Mr. Stone walked five miles facing the storm this side of Jackson, and finally took refuge in a sod shanty. A party of Worthingvery advantageous to the men, who can carry only one or two objects in their hands at the same time. They have rough, lustreless black hair, which they rough, lustreless black hair, which they wear long and falling over face and shoulders. Some bind it with a leather strap, but most let it grow to such an extent that they look more like furies than human beings. The men have very little beard and that little they pluck out. They do not tattoo, but use all kinds of paint. Two or three hues of color on the face and a few peckless of ing it, kept the animal on the trot. The other ox followed, and the man brought up against his own wood pile. The school in Indian Lake township was taught by a young lady in a log schoolhouse. The snew drifted in through the crevices, and soon covered the floor. The supply of wood was soon exhausted, and then the teacher and scholars split up furniture and eked out a scant fire until the storm abated. To keep up circulation they formed an Indian file and marched around the store keep up circulation they formed an Indian file and marched around the store through the dreary days and long nights till, on the third day they made their escape. Joseph Poots was caught in the storm in the western part of the county, and lay for several days in a snow drift. Unfortunately his feet became exposed, kicked the cover off, so to speak, and both feet were frozen and had to be amputated.

A Mr. Small, who lived four miles southeast of Worthington, started from the sea furnishes a larger part. The

A Mr. Small, who lived four miles southeast of Worthington, started from town with an ox team and sled just after the storm struck us. He drove within a few rods of his own door, and wandered over the prairie till be came to some have stacks, around which a rail fence had been built. He evidently aftempted to climb the fence, but was too near gone to accomplish it. When found, the day after the storm, he was standing with one hand on the fence, covered with ice, and as stiff as an icicle. A Mrs. Blist, who lived a few miles beyond Mr. Small, went to the stable when the storm came on to turn the cattle in. In attempting to return to the house the snow blinded add two or more wives to the one al-lowed him by the new religion. But, though a Faegian may marry as many wives as he pleases, he seldom takes more than four, and even with that small number it is difficult to preserve domestic peace. The wigwam is the scene of daily battles, and sometimes the prettiest of the wives pays with her life the preference of her husband. Sometimes, however, the wives all unite against their common husband. The girls begin to hunt for husbands at ten to twelve years of ege. The man marries at fourteen or sixteen years of age. The marriages are dictated by convenience, and are a matter of sale and purchase rather than of lowe or reciprocal sympathy. The father chooses from among the suitors for his daughter the one who is strongest, most dexterous, and docile to his wishes, and tixes the number of skins to be given and clays that his son-in-law has to work for lam. A canoe, spears and harpoons the suitors out or a friend will step in. Make

death. Mr. Weston, from this point, evidently concluded to walk with the storm, and made a bee line for Hersey. He walked about twelve mfles and fell forward on his face. Cutching the grass as he fell and the blood gushing from his nose. His body was found the following spring, with the hands full of grass and the blood on his face.

The story of John Weston's ghost was first published in the Adbaucc and widely copied so that it became known throughout the country. Weston appeared to Mr. Cosper, who is still a resident of Seward township, and was an intimate friend to Weston. A few days ago we caught Mr. Cosper in town and had the story from his own lips. He is a practical, unimaginative man, and gives the story from his own lips. He is a practical, unimaginative man, and gives the story from his own lips. He is a practical, unimaginative man, and gives the story in a circumstantial way.

The day after the storm Mr. Cosper had been out with some neighbors searching for Weston's body. He had returned to his hime and was at the stable feeding his stock just before sundown. He came out of the stable, and passing around to the east end, saw John Weston coming up the path from the creek. Weston had on the blue soldier overocrate which he usually wore. His hands were tucked up under the cape, and he approached Cosper with his usual smile and usual salutation, saying, "How lamber of skins of the parameter of the cane out of the stable, and passing around to the east end, saw John Weston coming up the path from the creek. Weston had on the blue soldier overocrate which he usually wore. His hands were tucked up under the cape, and he approached Cosper with his usual smile and usual salutation, saying, "How leave the challenge of the parameter of the canes of fine death of the cape and the proposal parameter of the cape, and he approached Cosper with his usual smile and usual salutation, saying, "How leave the cape and the proposal parameter of the proposal parameter of the proposal parameter of the proposal parameter of

The Mid-Winter Evenings.

What we shall do with them, certainly erits consideration. What we shall do ithout them is a question that may

rarely occur to us.

Suppose our life were one long summer with its listless, enervating days, and its weary, restless nights! Would there not be a loss in our lives? Would there not be a loss in our lives? Would we not miss the tonic of the cheery winter evenings? Surely they are a most precious part of our existence and can be made rich with profit and pleasure. To ensure this, a loving preparation is necessary. While we are whirling about with our daytime work and worries, let the thought of the coming evening cheer us on and let us plan wisely for it. Happy the family that can gather around the hearthstone an unbroken circle when the evening lamp is lighted. While this is permitted, let not personal plans of enjoyment or even improvement interfere. Unselfishness will here find a field for its rare powers. That fascinating for its rare powers. That fascinating book or that intricate piece of fancy work, even that absorbing letter to your dear-est friend, had better wait until the rest are off to a concert or lecture, or until, for some other good reason, the family scatters and leaves you alone.

for some other good reason, the family scatters and leaves you alone.

Winter evenings are emphatically "the parent's hour," to influence and attract the children. Let us plan to make them so pleasant that they will deem it a treat, not a trial, to stay at home. We know there are many forces combined against this. So many inducements to go out. Then "the hole in the floor" in each room is less of a cementing tie than the blazing old fire-place of the one family room. There is poetry, it may be, in staring out our eyes, toasting our cheeks and freezing our backs by the lichen-covered log at ten dollars a cord; but there is greater profit, we ween, in the well warmed and well lighted sitting-room with its music, books and papers. Let mamma bring her little basket with some soft, white sewing or some bright, plain, easy knitting, that she may really have a heart and hand, "at leisure from itself to soothg and sympathize," or the rather to entertain, and lubricate the machinery if need be, with the oil of gentle regulation. To this end it is very desirable sooting and sympatitize. Of the father to entertain, and lubricate the machinery if need be, with the oil of gentle regulation. To this end it is very desirable that mamma should not get too tired during the day. If she is "all used up," with sewing or fancy cooking, this pet plan will fail. We know the demands of her time and strength are legion, and that each day's campaign is a sort of series of miracles on her part. But she will soon yield the less to the greater good, dispensing with the extra trimmings that tire her so, and omitting the rich pie or pudding, which would hinder rather than help the happiness of the evening. Now the day's work done, after the early, frugal supper, and the brief, simple prayer preceded by sacred song, let us so magnetize our center of attraction that its power will be irresistible, and nobody will wish to run off to his room. "The will wish to run off to his room. · · Th baby!" Yes, the baby I know clamors for attention, and so does the little three-year-old. Let them have it. Take the wee ones first in order, as they are first in love and care. But you say, "There is no such thing as reading, or doing anything else." Well don't try to just now. The evenings are long, remember, and the little ones will soon tire. Time enough. Look on or ion in. remember, and the little ones will soon tire. Time enough. Look on or join in. What if they are a little boisterous? Let them have a romp! Soon they will be ready for their "now I lay me," and go to sleep happy. Papa, of course, is in his easy chair, where the children clamor over him. We hope he won't try to read his paperyet, for fear he will growlout, "Be still!" And if mamma has stitched till her head aches she'll growl out, "Be still!" And if mamma has stitched till her head aches, she'll say: "O, dear, such a noise!" We hope the other children will not lose patience either. Good nature must be the presid-

ing genius in this enchanted land. That good nature which comes from grace. "In honor preferring one an-another." But some reader declares, "How visties." "And the largest children have not yet appeared with their lessons, their last new song, their games and their tales of the day's doings!" True.

long or short, sunny or desolate, we shall have in reserve a rich storage of in-tellectual and spiritual resources with which to beguile the lingering hours.— Christian at Work.

Snowing in Trisco. The old timers were nonplussed and could not make it out. The Chinese could not make it out. The Chinese were aghast and paralyzed, and viewed the snowstorm in the light of a phenomenon. Some considered it a new kind of rain, and bravely walked the streets unbrellas spread. But when the cold manifested itself the small dry goods stores on Dupont Street did a regular land office business in the sale of gloves. While the snow storm was at its height the reporter witnessed Chinese squatting in the street with their knees to their faces, and with open mouths catching faces, and with open mouths catching faces, and with open mouths catching the flakes, as they skurried to and fro. The Chinese looked upon the snow as an omen of evil, and attributed its appearance to the numerous transcontinental railroads that are being built with San Francisco as the westernmost terminus. —San Francisco Chronicle.

PORK—New Mess
NEW YORK
CATTLE—Exports
H058—Good to choice
OVITON—Midding
FIJUR—Good to choice
WHEAT—No. 2 red.
No. 2 Spring
ORN—No. 3.
OATS—Western mixed
PORK—Standard Mess Jennie Painter was arrested in St. Louis the same day that Jenuie Turner was arrested in Chicago and Jennie Weeks in New York for thieving. They will become spinning Jennys in the workaouse. — Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The terrible explosion of a calcium light apparatus, which recently occurred in a Millwaukse theater, again points to the extreme danger of using the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe in places of public amusement, except when the utmost precautions are taken. Where scenery can be so knocked to pieces in an instant in the neighborhood of blazing jets, there is no assurance of safety at any time. It has been the practice for years with calcium-light men to store the gases separately, and only to unite them at the point of combustion. This would theoretically seem to render an explosion impossible, since hydrogen is only explosive when mixed with oxygen, and vice versa. Practically, however, it sometimes happens that the pressure in one reservoir is greater than that in the other, and a moment's clogging of the nozele of the blow-pipe causes an infiltration of gas from the stronger into the weaker. The flame being again lighted, an explosion follows. Either this or the blunder of some stupid employe in filling the half-emptied oxygen with hydrogen, or the reverse, was the occasion of the disaster alluded to. Certainly no manager in his right senses would ever think of keeping an open key of gunpowder upon his stage, and yet this would scarcely do more damage if fired than would one of the gas reservoir sued every night in our theaters. The danger from the explosion his stage, and yet this would scarcely do more damage if fired than would one of the gas reservoirs used every night in our theaters. The danger from the explosion itself would be mainly in the actors and stage-hands, but the overturning of scenery, the shattering of gas-pipes, and the natural panic following might involve the entire audience. Formerly, when the mixed gases were used in one reservoir, a small tube closely packed with wires was introduced between it and the flame. This contrivance—the invention of Hemming—absolutely prevented the passage of flame down the pipe on the principle discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy, that flame can not pass through small orifices in cold metal. Since the introduction of the double reservoir, the Hemming tube has been dispensed with as unnecessary, but in view of the recent catastrophe, which might be duplicated any night in one of our theaters, it would be well to have its use made as compulsory as is that of the safety-valve on a boiler. The clogging of a nozzle or the stupidity of the scenic artist's assistants would then make no difference. At present either is liable to lead to an incalculable quantity of mischief.—N. Y. Times.

a business house on Grand River avenue Saturday, stood for a moment to look up and down and scratch his ear, and then entered and said to the proprietor: "I want to converse with you." "What about?" A farmer hitched his team in front of

"What about?"

"That's the p'int that bothers me. I live out here about eight miles, and have got through selling my 'taters and am ready togo home. The old woman told me to be sure and remember something, but what it was I can't remember. Perhaps, if we open a conversation, you may say something to make me remember the arsomething to make me remember the ar-

"Well, suppose we talk of the Eastern "No good. Nothing over there to give me a hint."

"How about the recent horrors?" •
"How about the recent horrors?" •
"Horrors? Horrors?" mused the farmr. "Horrors would mean horticultural,
und horticultural would mean flour.
Can't be that, for we raise our own."

"How about Congress?"
"Congress? That would remind me of Congress gaiters, but the old woman wears calf-skin shoes."

"Anything in the recent bank failures strike you?"
"Let's see: The cashier skips. Noth-ing in that. He is arrested. No signifi-cance to that. He compromises and becomes again a good fellow. Nothing there—try again."

becomes again a good fellow. Nothing there—try again."
"Rather moist day."
"Moist? Nothing in that."
"The new year is rolling on."
"Rolling—roll—on! By the big spoon you've hit it! Rolling—roll roller towels! That's it to a dot! She wanted six yards of roller towels, and I'll roll right off and git 'em before my head closes up on me again. Roll—roller—roller towels—towels—roller six yards—six roller yard towels—six towel yard rollers."—Detroit Free Press.

Michael Davitt's Diamond Ring.

Hero-worship takes singular forms in England, but since the Cetewayo episode I have had nothing more comic to chronicle than the history of the diamond ring which adorns the effigy of Mr. Davitt at Mme. Tussaud's. A fair and wealthy admirer of the father of the Land League worth him on officially admired to the same and the same worth him on officially admired the same and the sa wrote him an effusively eulogistic letter a few weeks since, inclosing a valuable ring. Mr. Davitt, who is, I believe, quite a few weeks since, inclosing a valuable ring. Mr. Davitt, who is, I believe, quite fancy free, transatlantically speaking, was too honorable to accept a sentimental offering on false pretenses, and returned the gem with a letter of modest gratitude; the gem with a letter of modest gratitude; whereon his persevering admirer went off to Backer street and placed the ring on Michael's waxen finger, leaving an unsigned note to the custodians to warn them of the valuable and vicarious offering, which has necessitated, I hear, an additional amount of surveilance on the part of Mme. Tussaud's heirs.—London Truth.

THE GENERAL MARKETS. CATTLE-Native Steers 84 50 6 5 10

е.	Native Heifers		
×	Native Cows	3 00 6	3.90
7	Texas Steers	3 20 6	3 15
a	HOGS-Good to choice heavy.	5 85 6	4 85
	Stockers		5 70
	WHEAT-No. 2	89 6	
ŧ	No. 3		
	No. 4.	60 6	
	CODY V. A	41111	
•	CORN-No. 2		
o 1	OATS-No. 2	34 6	
	RYE-No. 2	53 @	
8	FLOUR-Fancy, per sack	200 @	
	HAY-Car lots, bright	6 50 @	
	BUTTER-Choice dairy	17 @	22
1	CHEESE-Kansas, new	09 6	10
	EGGS-Choice	26 60	
7	PORK-Hams	12140	
	Shoulders	7.4	- 8
- 1	Sides	10 6	
	LARD-	10140	
-1	WOOL-Missouri, unwashed		
31	Deer A restraction of the Washed		
ì	POTATOES-New, per bushel.	65 (4	- 75
ĕΙ	ST. LOUIS.		
	CATTLE-Native Steers	\$1 65 B	5 23
ч	NativeCows	3 50 6	3 85
a	HOGS-Good to choice	6 00 65	6 60
ч	SHEEP-Fairto choice	400 6	4 75
ы	FLOUR-XXX to choice	a ao 6	3 50
	WHEAT-No.3 Winter	106 6	
а	No. 3		977
ы	CORN-No. 2 mixed	49 6	
ш	OATS-No. 2		3834
ч	DVP V	38 (g	58%
	RYE-No. 2	58 6	
м	PORK-	17 50 6	17 75
ы	COTTON-Middling	001643	09%
ч	TOBACCO-New Lugs	4 40 6	4.75
ы	Medium new leaf	5 25 Q	5 75
и	CHICAGO.	STARSON LT	
8.	CATTLE Good abtoring	5 30 G	6 00
Ы	HOGS-Good to choice	6 70 6	7 15
ᆀ	SHEEP-Fair to choice	4 00 65	5 50
9	FLOUR-Common to choice	5 30 0	6 00
ď	WHEAT-No. 2 red		
1	"HEAT-NO. 2 Fed	165 6	1 65%
1	No.3	90 6	91
4	No. 3 Spring	165 6	1 05%
И	CORN-No. 2	551468	56
	OATS-No. 2	37 6	37%

—Sleeplemens caused by too mu-blood in the head may be overcome lapplying a cloth wet with cold water the back of the neck.

[New York Graphic.]
O'Donovan Roseas's Opinion.
O'Donovan Rosea, speaking of the Great
German Remedy to a friend, said: "Mrs.
Rosea has been cured of a very severe attack
of neuralgia by St. Jacob's Oll, as she will
gladly tell you, if you call at my residence,
\$79 Bushwick ave., Brooklyn, N. Y."

879 Bushwick ave., Brooklyn, N. Y."

KERFIX' GROCERY.—In a town up the Hudson two farmers had an itching last spring to go into trade, and after cunvasing the subject for a stell they put in \$1,000 each and large families, and they finally concluded to poened a grocery. Trade was dull, both had large families, and they finally concluded to dissolve partnership. In this frame of mind they consulted a lawyer, who saked: "What is the value of the stock on hand?" "About is the value of the stock on hand?" "About \$1,300." "Yery well. I see my way clear. Mr. Smith, you will draw out the good will for your shire, and I'll throw in a barrel of moisses for your family. Mr. Brown, you take all accounts, and I'll throw in a keg of pickles." "And wh't's to become of the store!" "Oh, you will assign all the goods to me, for my trouble in paying the debts and giving you legal advice." Those farmers sometimes stop to think of it, as they lean on their hoes and rest their aching backs, but they cannot make it clear.—X. Y. Yerz.

A WHITER who signs himself "Content, writes: "Dr. Guysott a Yellow Dock and Sares parilla has cured me of great weakness, disturbing dreams, etc. I am now in perfect health and am never troubled in my sleep therefore am I content."

Man't a male brute who snorls and growl at his wife in public is very loving and tende when no one else is around. He has to be — Philadelphia News.

We sell Haswell's Cure for the Lungs on a positive guarantee that it will cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness, pains in the side or chest, severe colds settled on the lungs, cough attending old age, incepient consumption and all throat and lung troubles. Use two-thirds of a large bottle, then if you are not perfectly satisfied, return to your druggist and he will refund the price paid. For Sale by all Druggists. A Positive Guarant

Just imagine that you have given a frience omething very handsome and you will know hat it is to have presents of mini.—N. I

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: I have been handling Dn. Wat. Hall.'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNG for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer.

Our of the sons of the Prince of Wales is being trained for the church. In America lots of women train their dresses for the church.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dro's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous deblifty, lost vitaility and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address se above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

No MATTER if the postage is reduced, it is just as much trouble to lick a two-cent stamp as a three-cent one.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure all," but admirably fulfills a sincleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on diseases peculiar to women, 96 pages, sent for three stamps. Ad-dress Work, D's Dirersvant Medical. Asso-ciation, Buffalo, N. Y.

Proper who lose their money in bucket thops should rejoice at a chance to kick the sucket.

"Accept our Gratitude."

Or. R.V. Pienez, Buffalo, N.Y.: Dear Sir—
Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured
my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude.
Yours truly,
HENRY WHITING, BOSTON, Mass.

Tug-nears are like human beings, inas-nuch as some of them tow out and some of hem tow in.

Frazer Axle Grease The Frazer Axie Grease is the best and, in trinisically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor axie grease. Tryit.

Tun poet who addresses verses to a dimin-ntive darling writes them in short meet her. —N. Y. Commercial. Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

IN-AUGUR-AL addresses are doubtless so called because they are often bores.—Lowell

Dn. Pinner's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—rurify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By drugglats.

A LITTLE child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children," it must mean dolls.

SUFFERENS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try " Brown's Bronchial Troches."

A DRUNKEN man has no grounds for dis-playing his "reel estate."—Exchange. THE shrewdest men buy the best of every-thing, they all buy Wise's Axie Grease.

A Far men's ball should be advertised as 25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffen-ers and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

Evn's first dress must have been ribbed

Stor him! Stop him! You can't stop him rom using Wise's Axle Grease. Tay the new brand, "Spring Tobs Tur best is always cheapest. Wise's.

COBS ()

GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Bore Thread, Swellingun, Spruines, Bruisee,
Burns, Sealds, Front Bites,
Burns, Sealds, Front Bites,
Burns, Sealds, Front Bites,
Buthy Druggins and Inches corrysher. Fifty Centes battle,
Directions in 11 Language. hiddy Druggints and Bealers overywhere. Fifty Centes battle Directions in 11 Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Chammes is 4. VOULER & CO. Baltimore, Md., C. S. A.

tracie from a sim-ar state of pros-ation by Hostet-

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS. REDHEAD'S CLEVELAND'S (Short weight, % on)..... PIGNEER (San Francisco) CEAR . DE PRICE'S..... SNOW PLAKE (Groff's, St. Paul)...... LEWIS' CONGRESS. HANFORD'S, when not fresh..... C. R. ANDREWS & CO. (Contains alum.) BULE (Powder sold loose).....

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

ions substance. If Nouvox, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Tech-ting Puwder. The materials of which it is composed a S. Daya Sarse, State Assaye: holescore.

8. Daza Harza, State Ameryer, Mean."

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